

## C.O.D.

PeeWee Longway

Ain't got shit for free, yeah  
Ain't got shit for free, I need C.O.D  
Ain't got none for free  
Ain't got none for free  
Ain't got none for free, I need C.O.D  
Ain't got none for free, I need C.O.D  
It gon' be RIP when you fuck with me  
It gon' be  
(That boy Cassius)  
(Swagdot)

I ain't got shit for free, I need a C.O.D. (I need Cash)  
My pistol stay on me, it's gon' be R.I.P (R.I.P.)  
Yeah they do that, head chest and stomach where they shoot at (Bop, bop, shot at)  
Jumpin' out them Jeeps we rockin' Bayou like a New Jack (Like I'm by-by)  
Fo'-fo' at your crewneck, yeah they do that (Pop)  
Runnin' through bands, and bought a new Benz, I'm thinkin' 'bout matte black  
(Matte matte)  
Ridin' in a Lyft with a thousand eight grams, they callin' it cash stacks (Cash stacks)  
.448s in the backpack (Woah)  
I had to hit 'em with the lack-lack (Hit it)

Jump in the Bentley relax  
Young nigga choppin' the stick like a axe (Bop)  
The pack come quickly, like we faxed it (Gone)  
Yeah, we back to whackin, back to droppin' caskets  
Tell 'em R.I.P., 'cause we heard a nigga askin  
Flavor just like Baskin, when I pull up in the Aston (Skrtrt sktrt)  
I just got the drop on where you at, I heard you lackin'  
I just popped up over you, I feel like I'm Aladdin (Pop)  
I heard that it's up and then it's stuck then I'm on addy's (Stuck there)  
Wake up watch the mailman back that truck up with my packages  
Vacuum seal it, beat it out the backdoor with my savages  
Bitch can't suck my dick, 'cause she got way too many cavaties  
Twenty-fours on my Bentley watch the Forgi's change the gravity  
I been catchin' bodies since a youngin like I'm Cassidy  
I just keep it gangster with the gangsters, that's my strategy (What's up gangsters?)  
I got Bourne Identity, they call me Longway Jagger  
Homie just put fifty in the wankster, he tryna whack 'em

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Ridin' in the Aston (Uh)

Kill a nigga in fashion (Skrtrt)  
My phone at home, but my chopper on assassin (Bow bow)  
Time to bust a move, boy I move like I'm assassin  
Fake gangster actin'  
This is not a movie, when you die it's nothing after (Nothing after)  
You can watch the fire jump out the Draco like a Dragon (Bow bow, dragon)  
Lacking with your dick out, and your ho send me your addy  
I can spend a fifty with the savages for a tragedy  
The first nigga get hit, my young nigga gon' start braggin' (Blaow, blaow)  
Keep the cameras at the house, bring the lights, camera, action  
Tryna to hit the first target, but we do the shit with passion  
Better not disagree (Damn)  
Better not mention me (What)  
You better not mention we (You better)  
I put you on TV, damn  
Just for actin' like you bad, damn  
Man down, nigga, too bad  
My lawyer beat the case and disappear just like Shazam  
Like what you gon' do in a jam?  
You gon' pay me for all of my grams, nigga

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